

we approached Luga, however, I decided to go on directly to Gatchina, to Krasnov's task force. Nikolai offered to give me a lift. We parted in front of Gatchina Palace. That was the last I saw or heard of my gallant cellmate in Ekaterinoslav.

Emma, as I learned later, went back to my deserted office to take over my job. Braving imminent and steadily growing danger, she remained there as the last link between our task force and Pskov.

G A T C H I N A

The headquarters of the task force was on the ground floor of one of the wings of a fortress-like palace. The suite of rooms, transformed into offices, was deserted. I learned that Krasnov and his staff were with the troops advancing toward Tsarskoe Selo. I took a service car and drove in that direction. In a hamlet not far from Tsarskoe, a sentry stopped me. After looking at my papers he told me that General Krasnov was at the front. I went on. Soldiers with guns and cartridge belts barred the road at the outskirts of Tsarskoe. The crowd stretched some hundred or two hundred feet into the fields on both sides of the highway. A military truck surrounded by a handful of mounted Cossacks stood in front of the crowd. Krasnov was speaking from the truck: "Enough foolishness, boys. The people of Russia will not yield to the garrison of a single city. Lay down your arms and return in peace to your barracks. Do not compel me to use force. . . ."

The soldiers—about ten thousand of them—listened, undecided. Krasnov backed the truck a hundred yards or so and parked it on the roadside. The Cossacks moved to both sides of the road. Then a light artillery piece appeared on the highway, not more than two hundred yards away. The Cossacks installed it in full sight of the crowd and fired into the air twice. The crowd did not disperse, but somebody yelled, "Don't fire, you devils! We don't want trouble."

Krasnov drove into the middle of the crowd again. "I don't want trouble either," he said. "Put the guns and munitions on the truck! My men will take care of them." He came down from the truck and walked back. The soldiers pressed around the truck, throwing away their rifles and cartridge belts. Two empty trucks drove into the crowd to collect weapons.

Krasnov noticed me and came closer. I asked him what forces he had. He took a tiny notebook out of his pocket and opened it. I read: "October 27, 6:00 A.M.: 3 hundreds, 6 artillery pieces. October 27, 6:00 P.M.: 6 hundreds, 16 artillery pieces, 6 machine guns with crew." In turn, he asked me, "What do you have loaded, on wheels?"